ON THE FARM.

FATTENING FOWLS.

In Sussex, the staple fattening food is oats, ground very fine by a special process, mixed with skim milk. But there are other less costly mixtures which have given excellent results, and there is no reason why the fowl-fattener should depend solely on one kind of food. Success depends largely upon the proportions in which the various feeding stuffs are mixed. A mixture of ground oats, two parts, maize meal, one part; middlings, one part, makes an excellent fattening ration. The principal moistening agent in all mixtures must be skim milk, since nothing else that may be used for this purpose is quite as good. Some fatteners, however, feed a good deal of broth, which is made by boiling down all kinds of rough fat, tallow, bones, pieces of meat, livers, etc., which can be picked up at small cost. The method is to boil these various kinds of offal in a large vat for several hours, and according as the broth or soup is required it is drawn off and mixed with meal.

Fowls in coops may be fed either twice or thrice a day; but we prefer to feed them only twice, as we have found that they keep healthier and maintain a hearty appetite for a longer time upon two meals a day than on three, while there is no apparent difference in gains of weight. Much labor is also saved by feeding only twice a day, and this is an important consideration in establishments where some hundreds of fowls are being fattened at once. The hours of feeding should be regular and evenly divided—that is to say, there should not be too long a period between any two meals, for fowls in close confinement, with no opportunity of foraging for a single morsel of food, suffer in health and decrease in weight, when kept fasting too long. The attendant should be early astir, so as to give the fowl their morning meal between 5 and 6 o'clock in summer time, and as early as there is daylinght in winter, and the evening meal is also to be regulated by the length of the day. In winter it must be fed between 3 and 4 o'clock, but in the time of longer daylinght the usual mealtime is about 5 p.m.

At feeding times the attendant should be particularly observant, for there is no other time at which the health of the birds can be so accurately [redacted] served that certain [redacted] When ravenously from the start, and will improve in condition daily, whilst others seem to lose their relish for food within a few days after having been placed in the coops. The latter birds are usually unsuitable subjects for fattening being anaemic and thriftless, and the only ccurse that can be taken with them is to let them loose, and if they can be got into good health and fair condition in the fields, to sell them off without fattening, for anything they will fetch. We may mention that the fowls which have necessarily to be handled in this way are exceptional, and that the majority of healthy fowls respond readily to the efforts of the fattener. It is unnecessary and indeed impossible to lay down and keep rules as to the quantity of food to be fed, and in this the attendant must be guided entirely by observation. The practice is to place as much food in the troughs as it is supposed the fowls will eat up greedily, and then to observe them in order to ascertain if all are feeding well. If the attendant sees that more food is required, he gives it; but, if, on the other hand, there is food left over, the troughs are scraped into the feeding pail, and as the food cannot possibly get soiled in the troughs, it may be fed again at the next meal. The attendant should, however, aim at mixing only as much food at a time as will be consumed at a single meal.—Homestead Poultry Expert.

FENCE-POST PRESERVATIVE.

Experiments have for some years been conducted at United States stations to determine the best method of wood preservation. The growing scarcity of timber gives this question an interest for all of us. If the life of a fence post could be doubled, what a saving would be effected? Many substances have been tried, but the preservative now recommended is creosote. This is a by-product of coal tar, which is produced at most plants for the manufacture of illuminating gas. This tar is distilled, and during the process the condensed vapors are run into three separate vessels and thus separated into the light oil of tar or napthas, the dead oil of coal tar or creosote, and pitch. Wood tar, when distilled in a similar manner, gives "wood creosote." which also possesses strong antiseptic properties. The treatment recommended for fence posts is to have an iron tank capable of holding fifty posts, filled, when the posts are in, to a depth of three and a half feet with creosote and kept hot. The posts are kept in this bath for from one to five hours, depending on the character of the wood, and are then transferred to a cold bath of the same material for an hour.

TRAVELLING IS CHEAP

ROUND THE WORLD FOR FIFTY CENTS IS LATEST STUNT.

Paste Labels on Your Luggage and With Bogus Ticket They Create an Impression.

If you wish to travel round the world on 50 cents, there is a London portmanteau-maker who can enable you to do it. For the small sum mentioned, you can buy a ticket which entitles you to claim to have traveled from Hong Kong to Hobard, N. Z., or elsewhere, and you can visit, en route, Paris, Rome, Monte Carlo or any other mortal place.

All you need in order to accomplish this marvelous journey is a bunch of labels, with the name of the various cities to which you wish people to think you have been. Paste these conspicuously on your trunk, your grip-bag, your camera, hatbox, and on the blanket of your bullpup if you sport one—and presto—you emerge before the eyes of the public as a full-fledged globe-trotter.

The selling of traveled labels to untraveled travelers is a thriving business in London, Paris, and other of the big European centres. You can buy a whole set of labels covering a certain route. If you wish your friends to think you have just come from the Riviera, you can get plenty of labels for Monte Carlo, Nice(Cannes and other resorts. If you prefer a trip down the Rhine, you can be as easily and as

PROMPTLY ACCOMMODATED.

A label vendor in the Strand said to a correspondent. "I let out portmanteaux fully labeled for any trip you like to take. Some people like to stick on their own assortment of labels," continued my informant, "while others prefer trunks, grip-bags and boxes plastered all over. The more a trunk or a grip is worn and belabeled, the better some folk seem to like it and much of our traveled stock that seems as if it could not stand another public appearance is in great demand. We have one dress-suit case that has labels on it showing that it has been three times round the world. It has been around once, to be sure; and you can see portions of the first lot of labels with custom-house marks. This old case is a great favorite, and there is a waiting list for it.

"We have one fully labeled globe-trotting bag that brings $2.50 for [redacted] weeks, but the usual [redacted] When our customers take these bags away they are always pretending to lose them and doing other things that attract attention toward them. In one way, the bags pay for themselves. That is, the landladies and boarding-house keepers at the summer resorts are always much impressed by them, and they seem to give their possessors

A SORT OF PRESTIGE.

"Not only are labels for continental resorts much in demand for the purpose, but there are full sets of labels for all the fashionable English resorts such as Cowes and the like. At this season, we do a rushing business in seaside resort labels. A customer may go no farther than one of the lesser-known suburbs of London and yet, when he returns to the city he has all the evidence of having passed the week-end at an expensive resort. I don't know why people do these things," added the dealer, "but they do, and that settles it.

"It is a quer thing," he concluded, "that people living in flats go in more for this sort of thing than others. I suppose they have been shut up so long in the narrow confines of their small, so-called homes that when they start out on their imaginary travels, they like to cover as much of the universe as possible."

FATHER'S COMPLAINT.

It had been, so far as the Browns' household was concerned, a good season for the family doctor. Every member of the family had been or was, ailing, and little Tommy, the youngest olive-branch, was apparently proud of the fact, for it was in a jubilant tone that he informed a visitor of the general prostration.

"Oh, yes, everybody's ill in our house. I've got mumps, brother and sister's just getting over the measles, mother's bad with influenza, granddad's mad with gout, and granny's bent in two with the rheumatics."

"But what about your father?" asked the visitor; "you haven't mentioned him."

"Oh, father," replied Tommy, looking for a moment dubious, but directly afterwards reminiscent — "oh, yes, I remember now what's the matter with him. I heard him tell Mr. Jones. Father—he's got the hump!"

BOOM YOUR TOWN.

If you want your town to prosper,
And the people there to flock;
If you want to see it growing,
Making a progressive showing—
Boost—don't knock!

A tree found in Ashantee furnishes excellent butter.

YOUNG FOLKS

THE MISTAKE.

They looked just alike, these grave little dollies that Aunt Sue had brought all the way from Japan! And their little American mothers were very much alike, too, for they were cousins, almost the same age, with the same long, light pigtails and the same blue eyes. People who did not know them used to call them "the twins," and people who did know them used to call them "the cousin-twins," for they were always together and very, very fond of one another. No one had ever known them to quarrel; all their grown-up friends said that they were the easiest children in the world to manage. "Just let them have each other to play with and they'll be perfectly happy," every one declared.

But one day something happened. No one knew really what it was. It might have been the hot weather's fault; it might have been the sweet lemonade and cakes they had for their tea-party. Anyhow, just in a minute, Molly jerked O-Mimosa San from her grass bed, where she was lying so comfortably with Miss Almond-Blossom, and cried, "I shall never, never come over to play with you again, Polly Gerould! So there, now!"

And instead of "soft-answering" her, Polly only said, "Well, all right for you, Molly Richardson! I don't care!" And they promptly turned away to their own homes.

And for a week they did not speak, these lonely little uncomfortable souls. But when seven long days had come and gone, Polly came to her mother and said. "Mother, I'm sorry I quarreled with Molly. And I miss her awfully. And I'm going to send her Miss Almond-Blossom, 'cause she's always wished she had two Japanese dollies so that O-Mimosa San wouldn't be lonesome at night." So Miss Almond-Blossom was rolled up in a sheet of tissue-paper very carefully, ready to put on Molly's door-step that very evening. Now, as it happened, just at that same time Molly said to her mother, "I was dreadfully cross to Polly the other day. I wish she wasn't mad at me. I want to give her something to make up. I think I'll give her O-Mimosa San, because I love her better than any other dolly I have, and then Polly will know I'm sorry, really and truly!" The thought of being friends again kept her happy all day.

So Miss Almond-Blossom was left on the door-step, and O-Mimosa San went by mail, and neither little girl got the other dolly until the next morning. And then how they cried. Because, you see, Polly and Molly each thought that her cousin-twin was angry still, and had sent back the "make-up" present, and that was almost too much to bear.

I do not know what would have happened if Aunt Sue had not come to visit both cousin-twins that very afternoon. She was at Molly's first and she heard the story and looked at the little Japanese lady; and then, all of a sudden, she began to laugh. "Why, you dear, silly, generous little geese!" she cried, while Molly and her mother stared as if they thought she had gone crazy. "You've both tried to make up by sending the other your own doll. Look, Molly, this isn't O-Mimosa San at all; this is Miss Almond-Blossom. I know, because there was a little flaw in her silk sash; something you'd never see, but that any one who had ever lived in Japan would notice at once. And so you each have the other's doll."

Mother was almost as surprised as Molly, and came to examine the little sash with its fortunate telltale flaw. She had left the little girls to find their own way out of the quarrel, so that they would learn by experience to be less hasty.

"And now," said Aunt Sue, "you must come straight over with me and we'll tell Polly all about it, because she's probably feeling quite as grieved as you are."

So they went to Polly's and explained, and the week-long quarrel ended, as all little-girl quarrels should, in laughing. — Youth's Companion.

One of the many things a conceited youth is unable to understand is how any sensible female can pass him up for some other chap.

Waiter (who has just served up some soup)—"Looks uncommonly like rain, sir." Diner—"Yes, by Jove! and tastes like it too. Bring me some thick soup."

Wife (to husband, who is worrying over a heavy bill)—"Jack, dear, it is unkind of you to let an insignificant thing like that upset you just after we are married." Hubby—"Yes, it does seem insignificant when one thinks of that!"

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded by saying:—"I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in the pocket?"

A MIRACLE IN WHEAT

NEW RICHES FROM ALASKA FOR THE FARMER.

Hard Wheat From Fall Sowing — Yields Up to 222 Bushels to the Acre!

When the United States paid eighty millions for the Territory of Alaska, it was to the fur the purchasers looked for a return on the investment. When gold began to pour in from that great country the investment was pronounced good. But not in gold alone was Alaska destined to repay those early statesmen for their real-estate speculation. Years after the yellow metal was discovered, there came an aged farmer to that far northland, and took back to the States the basis for wealth to his country by the side of which the gold from the hills and icy river-beds should pale into insignificance, writes Oscar F. G. Day in the Saturday Evening Post.

It was in 1903 that Abraham Adams, a native of Kentucky, who had gone with the "star of Empire" to the great West to farm it, was taken with a desire to try his fortunes in Alaska. Leaving his ranch in northern Idaho, he made a trip to the land of promise and of gold, but nothing came of his attempts at discovery. Turning his attention then to exploring, he drifted along the coast of eastern Alaska, where the Japan curren flows near the shore and makes of the land from coast to mountain eternal spring. Many miles he explored, investigating the possibilities of that country for future farming and grazing, preparing himself for a report to the farmers of his community.

He found many beautiful bays, splendid beaches, sweeps of timber, and meadows heavy with juicy grasses. Here and there were traces of gold, but not of promising quantity, and then he chanced upon

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

Lodged in a nook under protecting rock, sheltered from the winds, was a little familiar patch. Interested at once, he investigated and found that here a patch of wheat was growing, far from any living human that could have planted it. On hands and knees he pulled away the matted straws. Yes, it was certainly wheat that was just ripening. The explorer sought among the thick stems for some heads, but the wild game had been before him, and [redacted] be discovered one head of wheat almost intact. A gigantic head it was! Fully four inches long with its rough bearding, and broad in proportion.

Packing the head carefully away, the old man brought it back with him to his ranch at Juliactta, Idaho. Not a word did he say to his neighbors of his find. Whether it was wild wheat or not he could not say. Perhaps, some wild bird had filled its crop with the grains in an unknown region, where it grew native, and coming to Alaska deposited the seed in a fertile spot. And yet it was only curiosity that moved Abraham Adams. He never dreamed of his find being of any value except as an experiment for his own pleasure.

In the fall of 1904 Mr. Adams planted his head of Alaska wheat on high and all-too-dry land — the natural soil of Idaho. It grew rapidly when the spring opened its feunts, and in the summer he had seven pounds of wheat from this one head. That was startling. He hardly dared tell a farmer of it. He examined the kernels. Four times as large as ordinary wheat, and in color—instead of the homely brownish-gray of wheat of commerce — the prettiest cream color without a darker spot.

SEVEN POUNDS OF WHEAT

from one head, and the finest-looking wheat mortal had ever seen! Abraham Adams began to dream.

Having tested the grains as winter wheat, Mr. Adams saved his seven pounds to try as spring wheat, and in 1906 he planted the whole seven pounds. Sturdily it grew, and when it was harvested he weighed 1545 pounds. His Alaska find had broken the world's record for wheat yield! More than two hundred and twenty-two bushels to the acre was the ratio of yield, and that without any special petting or manipulation. With the world's average yield 12.7 bushels to the acre, and a fair yield for exceptional land of twenty bushels here was the prospect of a miracle; a revolution in the wheat industry of the world. But still there was something that might dash every hope of a wheat miracle. Was this Alaska wheat of good quality? Would it make good bread?

With this last idea in mind the experimenting farmer carried a small quantity of his wheat to the Idaho experiment station at Moscow. He knew he had a wheat that yielded past any belief. He had something marvelous in a wheat that yielded equally as well planted winter or spring. Did he have a good wheat? The chemists and experts at the station tested it and pronounced it a good quality of hard wheat. Hard wheat! That was sufficient. But Adams knew he must have patience for another year.

TRISCUIT

Indoors or outdoors there is nothing quite so good as Triscuit—the Shredded Wheat Wafer, which contains in smallest bulk all the muscle-building, brain-producing qualities of wheat.

TRY IT AS A TOAST WITH BUTTER, CHEESE OR FRUIT.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS 1058

In the fall of 1906 the 1545 pounds were planted in fields by the side of the famous Blue Stem and Club wheat grown in that section. Watching their comparative growth, Mr. Adams picked on the same day green heads of Club wheat and gren heads of his Alaska wheat, the latter so many times larger than the ordinary wheat that the Club wheat seemed hardly started.

THE FARMER WAS JUBILANT.

Then Nature took a hand, and hailstorms of the worst kind came, beating down the ordinary wheat until it was not fit to harvest. The farmer, discouraged, went out to his Alaska wheat-fields and saw that the sturdy stems had partly withstood the storms, and he finally harvested 53,000 pounds of seed.

Now was the time to make his final test. He had enough for a test from winter-grown. Taking this to the experimental station, he soon received a report which made him for the first time that he had something worth giving to the public. The station chemist wrote:

"The kernels from the fall-sown wheat were plump and sound and doubtless will grade No. 1. Judging from the chemical and physical condition of this sample, it will probably take rank with the best grade of Blue Stem for flour.

"The sample grown from spring-sown wheat showed by chemical analysis a somewhat higher protein content (this being an indication of its probable strength for bread-making purposes). I am inclined to think that the wheat that you have here is the equal, if not the superior, of our Blue Stem for flour-making purposes. I should like to make a mill test whenever you can send me a sufficient quantity for that purpose."

These are the facts about the [redacted] derful wheat of which the world will soon be talking. Farmers do not believe it; wheat speculators do not believe it; but those who have traveled to see it do believe it. Mr. Adams had his fields surveyed and has absolute proof of the yield from each field. Te has tried his wheat in other lands, and in some places it did better than in Idaho. Alabama raised wheat from it with leaves seven-eighths of an inch broad,

GROWING LIKE CORNSTALKS.

As a last test, Mr. Adams sent single heads of wheat to other parts of the country where he had men he could trust to plant and ascertain the result. Reports are just coming to him, and he finds that in other States his Alaska wheat does better than on its home soil. In Alabama a head was planted December 31, was up January 30, waist-high April 1, with leaves seven-eighths of an inch broad, and July 7 was harvested. It showed to be hard wheat of a fine quality, and the one head yielded the same as the first head planted in Idaho.

Under ordinary soil conditions the new wheat will yield two hundred bushels to the acre, under extra conditions above that.

What will be the outcome? Had all America had Alaska wheat to seed this year, the American crop alone would have been five billions of bushels. Does that not mean a revolution in the wheat industry? Will the food of the poor become so cheap that there will be no famines? Or will farm property rise in value with the capacity for the yield? All this is conjecture, but these things are certain:

That wheat Alaska has given us will withstand hail if not too heavy.

It will withstand frost.

It grows hard wheat from fall sowing.

It yields up to 222 bushels to the acre.

It will grade up to No. 1 hard.

And, last and best of all, it will bring back wheat-raising to the worn-out farms of the East where, with wheat-yields two hundred bushels to the acre, farmers can afford to use manures and chemicals, and make a profit.

If all America could seed with the new wheat it would, at only fifty cents a bushel, add nearly two and a half billions of dollars to the wealth of the farmers every year.

TWENTY-DOLLAR WHEAT.

Since the above article was in type the following despatch has been received from Spokane, Washington:—

"In the Juliaetta county, in northern Idaho, Abraham Adams, formerly a lumberman in Wisconsin, will clean up more than $1,000,000 from 700 acres of land this season, in addition to producing grain which gives every promise of revolutionizing the wheat production of the world. Conservative estimates place the crop at from 70,000 to 75,000 bushels of grain, which Adams and his son-in-law, O. K. Hobe, a wholesale lumber dealer of Minneapolis, have contracted to sell to farmers at $20 a bushel, not more than one bushel going to each buyer.

"Adams acquired a tract of land in the Gem State six years ago and sowed his land to wheat, harvesting from 23 to 30 bushels of blue stem club and other varieties from every acre under cultivation.

"One day early in 1904 he received a single stalk of wheat, picked by a friend in one of the fertile valleys in Alaska, and sowed the kernels in his back garden. A crop of seven pounds resulted the following summer. This Adams planted in the spring of 1906, harvesting 1,545 pounds of grain in July, or over 220 bushels per acre. Emboldened by his success he sowed the entire crop in the fall of 1906, and last summer cut enough grain to sow 700 acres of land, from which is now being cut what is believed to be the world's record yield."

JEWISH FAMILY WIPED OUT.

Russian Revolutionists Took Terrible Vengeance.

News has reached St. Petersburg of a terrible vengeance taken by the Revolutionists of Yurivka, in Yekaterinoslav Province, upon a Jewish family named Edelstein, who were accused of giving information to the authorities regarding the activities of the agitators. They visited the Edelstein house at night and threw bombs through the windows. They then opened on the members of the family with revolvers and shot to death the father, a daughter, a woman guest and her child. The mother, a son, son-in-law and two grandsons were severely wounded.

After this murderous onslaught the Revolutionists temporarily retired, and help for the wounded was summoned. In the course of a couple of hours the victims who were still alive had been conveyed to a hospital. Not satisfied with their vengeance, the Revolutionists, now a well-armed band of about forty or sixty men, descended upon the hospital, overpowered the nurses and guards and shot the mother and son to death, after which they made their escape.

Another despatch from the provinces received here says that the prisoners in the jail at Saratov, upon discovering that two of their comrades were traitors, fell upon them and beat them to death.

ITALIAN WATER FAMINE.

Residents of Four Cities Dying of Thirst.

A wail of anguish comes from the vast southern province of Apulia, Italy, where the population is dying of the dreadful drought. No heavy rains have fallen for the last eighteen months, the wells are empty and the olive groves and vineyards present a spectacle of withered vegetation. The wheat crops have failed.

The Tavoliere district is reduced to a squalid desert, while in that of Bari fresh water costs more than wine. Over those vast tracts of unwatered country no artificial supply exists. That gigantic undertaking, the Apulian aqueduct, so much talked of, and written about during the last twenty years, is still far from finished, nor in the most optimistic estimate will it be available for at least another eight years.

The Cities of Andria, Barletta, Trani and Bitonto are literally famished. They have sent clamorous demands to the Government for immediate free transport of water by railways and warships. The Italian Steamship Navigation Company has taken the generous initiative of despatching vessels laden with sweet water from Venice, Ancona and Sicilian ports to various points on the Apulian coast.

The frog has, like the camel, the power of storing up moisture, which enables it to pass through times of drought which would otherwise prove fatal.

He—"I shall speak to your father to-night. How had I better begin?" She—"By calling his attention to the statutes governing assault, manslaughter, and murder. Papa is so impulsive, you know."